

For the Children

BE KIND.

Little lads and lassies,
Listen now to me,
Treat with greatest kindness
Everything you see.

Never kill the birdies,
Never rob a nest;
Boys that never harm them,
Birds will love the best.

Then the dogs and kitties,
Playmates ever true,
Is it kind to stone them?
Have they injured you?

All these little creatures
Need your tender care;
Even of your dinner
They must have a share.

Feed, them, pet them, love them
Make them love you, too;
Be to timid creatures
A protector true.

Ah, my lads and lassies,
Happy you will be
If you treat with kindness
Everything you see!
—Dew drops.

AN ADOPTED MOTHER.

Arthur Allen was a very tender-hearted little boy, and there were tears in his eyes when he came into the kitchen one morning carrying in his arms a big brown hen, which had been run over by a hay-wagon and killed.

"What will become of Brownie's little chickens, mamma?" he asked. "They are out under a currant-bush, all peeping for their mother."

Mrs. Allen went out in the garden with Arthur to look at the poor little chickens. There were thirteen of the yellow, fluffy little things, and they were only three days old.

"They mustn't die," said Arthur. "I'll take care of them myself."

He brought a basket, and put all the little chickens into it. Then he carried them off to an empty oat bin in the barn, where there was plenty of room for them to run about.

The next morning, when Mrs. Allen went out to the barn to tell Arthur to hunt for some eggs, she stopped at the oat bin to look at the motherless chickens.

There in one corner of the bin hung the big feather duster, and gathered under it were all the little chickens!

"I thought the duster could be a mother to them, mamma," said Arthur. So Mrs. Allen left the duster in the bin, and the little chickens gathered under it until they were old enough to roost on a bar.—Youth's Companion.

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.

SAMARITAN ANTS.

Eight-year-old Mamie was in a flutter of excitement. Grandpa had promised to show her something wonderful, he had said that she might watch him while he "verified one of Sir John Lubbock's experiments."

Mamie didn't know what grandpa meant, but she danced about him while he filled a small pan with water and carried it into the garden. She was even more puzzled when he stopped at an ant hill, lifted a little stick on which a number of ants were crawling, and shook them off the stick into the water.

"Oh! oh! grandpa," she cried, "don't! you'll kill them!"

But grandpa only smiled.

"No, no! I'll not kill them," he answered; "wait a minute and see what happens."

In a very little while he took the half drowned ants from the water and placed them near the hill. Mamie was bubbling over with curiosity, and stood first on one foot, then on the other.

"O, grandpa!" she cried, seizing his hand, "what will happen?"

Grandpa said nothing, but smiled down into the impatient little face and pointed to the ant-hill. Some ants came out and crawled away. Mamie watched them a long time, but saw nothing wonderful, then she looked up at grandpa. His face brightened as another ant issued from the hill. Mamie began watching again. The ant took the same path the others had taken, but suddenly it stopped and seemed to be looking at something. Then Mamie remembered the half-drowned, unconscious ants, and saw that it was looking at them.

"What's he going to do?" she exclaimed in an excited whisper, "will he—?"

But the ant had evidently satisfied its curiosity, for it went on. Before Mamie had time to say anything more, other ants came along and, seeing their unconscious brothers, stopped and looked at them. Then they began moving quickly about, and Mamie gave a little shriek of delight.

"Grandpa! grandpa! They're going to take them home and give them something to make them well!"

And sure enough! the active little insects were carrying the unfortunate ones back home, and soon disappeared through the little opening in the hill.

"Oh! oh!" cried Mamie, "I must go quickly and tell mamma about the ex—what will you call it, grandpa?" Grandpa was writing in his note book, but he looked up as she spoke.

"It is a long word," he said, "experiment." Then he went on writing, and Mamie, who had no idea what the long word meant, ran into the house, exclaiming:

"Oh, mamma! Grandpa let me see an ex-per-i-ment, and ants are just like the men in the Bible; there are priest-ants and Levite-ants, then there are some Good Samaritan-ants, too!"—Exchange.

Grieve not that will so far transcends
Thy feeble powers, but in content
Do what thou canst, and leave the ends
And issues with Omnipotent.